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The Anchor.

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JULY, 1901.

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The Battle of Spionkop.

"A" Class Poem.

Where swift along the rocky banks,
The waters of Tugela move;
Where meadows, valleys, hills and brooks,
The land of Natal happy prove.

There Buller, baffled in the war
Against Boer freedom and Boer right,
Has battled seven days to spread
The germs of war's accursed blight.

See, through the mist toward the north
That threatening giant sentinel:
It is Spionkop's stony steep,
It is the Boer strong citadel.

No royal banners wave thereon,—
No sounds of martial minstrelsy
Are heard. But hark, along the line
Resounds a song of liberty.

The mist now slowly rolls away;
The British cannon open fire;
The earth doth quake, the rocks are rent,
And wildly threaten son and sire.

Behold the British troops advance,
They cluster round the slippery stones,
As seaweed when the tide comes in;
Some curse, some speak in mournful tones.

They charge, they storm, and fiercer still
The Lion and her cubs rush on,
"God save the Queen! Up with her flag!
No rest until we reach Spion!"

With bleeding heads and beating hearts
The Mauser bullets force them back:
Ancestral spirit filled the Boers
And saved them from a total wrack.

Now Buller calls his generals:
Who of them all shall storm the height?
Each leader dreads the daring deed,
But Warren shall attack by night.

The shadows fall. O, sacred gloom
That mak'st the roaring cannon cease!
Mysterious is that scene, when night
Gives to the earth the kiss of peace.

And when the shadows blend with night,
A Boer, upon the steep ascent,
To his son tells how his fathers fled,
And on Spionkop pitched their tent.

He said, "Here have our fathers stood
And viewed, in wonder and surprise,
Yon silvery streams and fertile fields,
Now blood-stained spots of sacrifice.

"Then was this slope a pleasant scene,
The calm of peace lay on its breast,
And ne'er had blood-polluted Mars
Come down to injure or molest.

"But may misfortune arm with power,
Encourage us, who, in this strife
For independence, are resolved
To stand for right or yield our life.

"Thus beats the heart of every Boer;
We'll fight and pray for liberty
Till in our songs of praise, we shall
Proclaim, God gave us victory!"

While darker hours of night come on
Two thousand British stand arrayed,
To charge upon the gallant Boers,
With bayonet and battle-blade.

A drizzly rain pervades the air
And night between the mountains stoops;
The stars withhold their glimmering light,
The moon, as guide, neglects the troops.

O'er rocky road and grassy slope
They move, Majuba to avenge,
With sparkling ardor in their eyes
And armed with weapons of revenge.

At last they reach Spionkop's base,
And see its mystic shape and size;
They mount, though death in ambush lay
Behind the rocks to seize his prize.

Despising death, dispelling fears,
Those sturdy soldiers of the North
Press upward till they reach the top,
O'er which they eagerly break forth.

"Now Thorneycroft, spread to the left,"—
Woodgate commands, and keeps the right,—
"For know that on Spionkop's crown
Will be the thickest of the fight!"

But hark, with sullen scream, "Who there?"
A frightened sentry echoing calls,
But the answer "Waterloo" attends
A stab, and wounded down he falls.

The cry exultant "We have won!"
Rings far and wide. Without the cost
Of life, the British gained the top
And freedom's sacred cause seems lost,

The news disturbs the Burger camps,
But Botha calls, "Come follow me!"
And Afric's loyal sons inspired
Draw up against the enemy.

They shout, "Come, brothers, come, our homes
Await a blessing from our hand,
And let's before the British force
Not falter but with courage stand!"

"Come, brothers, come, on to the fight,
With Botha and Pretorius
We'll drive the maddened British back
Transvaal shall be victorious!"

And painfully they press Spion:
And bravely under galling fire
They mount with muskets firmly clasped,
While courage speaks, "Go higher, higher!"

They nimbly scale the rock-strewn sides
And press their former trenches sore;
Some seal with blood their loyalty,
And veil the rocks with martyrs' gore.

But re-enforcements join their ranks
And irresistibly they move
Against the mighty foe, till hand
To hand they fight their strength to prove.

And twice the British make a charge,
But twice their labor is undone;
A thousand of their warriors brave
Expire, yet not an inch is won.

"No pardon, Death to one and all!"
The frenzied British forces cry,
But yet their lines give way; the Boers
Exclaim, "We'll conquer or we'll die!"

And hour by hour fresh troops arrive
To aid the British wavering line;
But still the Boers press on, until
The roaring lion lies supine.

And though the rumbling cannon roar
The Burger women form a "schanze"
And 'mid the dismal scenes, bold deeds
Are done by such as Martha Krantz.

Here death without a rival reigns,
And glories in its precious spoil,
While faint and faltering accents fall
From those who in death's clutches moil.

Lo, Woodgate, too, receives a wound,
And soon his life away is sped;
And every tongue and heart repeats
The cry, "Our general's dead!"

The British soldiers are perplexed:
Their hearts are sad, their hopes are gone;
And generals Coke and Thorneycroft
Abandon what had just been won.

Thus victory crowns the noble Boers,
And Northern fury is disdained,
For o'er the twilight hills breaks forth
The shout, "Spionkop is regained!"

And reverently they bow their heads,
A flood of tears bedews the sod,
And in the leaves' soft whispering
They mingle praises to their God.

Faint rests the glow of the lingering west,
Which throws a fitful, lurid light
Upon the field of hostile strife
And hides the scene of death from sight.

But scattered on the fallow slope,
Two thousand consecrate the soil:
O, Albion what cost! how vain
Thy fame! how infamous thy spoil!

MARTIN RUISAARD.

x x x

Missions Among the American Indians in the Eighteenth Century.

(An Historical Sketch.)

The seed-thought of Protestant missions among the American Indians was carried across the Atlantic on board the Mayflower. Plymouth colony was originally a missionary enterprise. And altho pioneer hardships tended strongly to embarrass the execution of this purpose, yet it remains an undying tribute to Puritan zeal and devotion that it was their own preacher, John Eliot, who established the first mission station for the evangelization and enlightenment of the Indians.

At the dawn of the eighteenth century a great work had already been accomplished among those peoples. The wandering tribes of Massachusetts had been collected in small settlements. They had been instructed in the arts of civilized life—the men how to till the soil, and the women how to weave and spin. Schools had been established for their children, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ had been given to them in their own language. At the time of Eliot's death (1690) twenty four of these com-

munities had been established, each with its own meeting house and native preacher. Of the 4168 Indian inhabitants of Massachusetts, 3000 now listened to the preaching of the Gospel.

But compared with the vast field there yet remained uncultivated, we might well say, "What are they among so many?" What of that vast territory extending to the west, to the north and to the south? What of those mighty nations—two hundred thousand souls strong—between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, who never yet had heard the Glad Tidings of the Gospel? The harvest truly was great but the laborers were few.

Missions among the American Indians in the eighteenth century were carried on by two distinct and independent agencies. The one came from New England and was a continuation of the work so nobly begun by John Eliot, Thomas Mayhew and their assistants. The other came from an entirely different quarter of the globe—from Moravia in Austria-Hungary—a band of men and women, consecrated body and soul to the Master's work among the Indians. From these two great enterprises we can select only a few names, the most prominent, from whose devotion and untiring labors we shall be able to get a fair idea of the work that was done during this period.

The first name deserving of mention is that of John Sergeant. A tutor at Yale, with a comfortable salary and pleasant surroundings, he left them all to become a missionary among the roving Mohegans in western Massachusetts. This was 1734, the same year that witnessed the arrival of the Moravians, or United Brethren, among the Creeks in Georgia. Mr. Sergeant set about to collect these scattered peoples, and after two years of labor induced them to settle at Stockbridge. Now the work of education began. A church was built where the Word of God was read and explained to them from week to week. A school was established in which both intellectual and manual training was offered to the Indian youth. The New Testament and considerable parts of the Old were translated into the Indian dialect, and a donation was made by Mr. Hollis of Boston, helping thirty six of these Indian boys to prepare themselves for the Christian ministry.

It is difficult to describe the effect this had on these nomadic savages. The men forsook their roving indolent habits and became frugal and industrious, helping their wives in the support of their families. The women ceased to be the drudges—veritable beasts of burden—to which Indian customs subject them. And the children! Who could recognize them any longer? Their whole manner of life underwent a complete transformation. And when, after fifteen years of labor, John Sergeant gathered them around his death-bed to speak to them a last word of exhortation, what a glorious witness to the power of the Gospel to hear those once savage heathen testify, amid flowing tears, to their living faith in Jesus Christ!

For forty years after the death of Sergeant this mission was kept up. The famous Jonathan Edwards was at one time the head of this institution. In 1789 the tribe was removed to central New York.

A few years after Sergeant had commenced his labors in Connecticut, a young Moravian, Christian H. Rauch by name, arrived in New York. He came to America as a Missionary to the Indians. He met an embassy of Mohegan Indians—two men, Choop and Shabash, the former a chief and both of them debased drunkards. He followed them into the forest, to their homes at Shekomeko, 50 miles south of Albany. With only the few words of Dutch which the Indians had learned in New York, common language between him and his auditors, Rauch strove to make known unto them the essential truths of Christianity. He labored with them earnestly and long. He preached to them both by word and by example. He worked with them to provide for his own and their needs. He clothed himself in their style; partook with them of their food and slept in their wigwams. He became an Indian unto the Indians and won their hearts by the power of love and self-sacrifice.

Soon the first fruits of his labors became evident. Choop, the former drunkard embraced the religion of Jesus Christ and became an earnest messenger of the Gospel. Listen to what he says in a letter written just before he was to be baptized:—"I have been a poor, wild heathen, and for forty years was as ignorant as a dog. . . . Now I feel and believe that our Savior alone can help me by the power of his blood and no other."

Other Brethren now joined Rauch in the mission. The work was extended to the neighboring settlements. A spiritual awakening spread among the Indians and earnest inquirers came twenty-five miles away to hear the Word of God.

But the greed of the rumseller and the strained relations there existed between the Indian tribes and the white settlers soon became a deadly snare for the progress of the Gospel. The sluggish, indolent life of the Indian is very susceptible to the enticements of strong drink, and unscrupulous whites took advantage of this weakness. Their profit depended on the ignorance and degradation of the Indians. They, therefore, watched the progress of the missionary enterprises with hostile solicitude. They sought to destroy the influence of the Brethren among the Indians; they sought to make their motives and intentions suspected among the whites. They accused them of being in league with the warlike tribes of the north, of providing them with arms and ammunition and of acting as spies on their own kinsmen. All manner of means was employed to inflame the minds of the English settlers against these messengers of peace. Finally an act of legislation was obtained, requiring, "all suspected persons to take the oath of allegiance or to leave off instructing the In-

dians outside the English settlements." This was a blow aimed directly at the Moravian brethern, and heavily it fell. Their religious belief forbade them to take the oath and their work at Shekomeko, therefore; was summarily stopped.

The Brethern went to Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, sorrowful but not discouraged. Here they found their associates from Georgia, who also had been persecuted and driven from their work. After a while the Christian Indians of Shekomeko also removed to Pennsylvania and settled at a place not far from Bethlehem which they called Gnadenhutten. Once more the Gospel was heard in their midst. The congregation grew and within two years had increased to the number of five hundred. Slander and violence could hinder but not destroy the work of God.

But these were troublous times. In 1754 the French and Indian war broke out. A band of Indians, in French interest, came from the north, swept down upon the peaceful settlement and spread terror and destruction throughout the land. The Bethlehem settlement was attacked. Houses were pillaged; the mission house was burned and several of the inhabitants were killed. The Indian settlers fled to the forest and were scattered like frightened sheep. The Brethern attempted to collect their flock and made arrangements to settle at Nazareth. But war and brigandage were raging on all sides, and their only prospect seemed destruction. Driven from place to place, they were finally taken in the protection of the government and removed to Philadelphia. Here like prisoners, behind barracks, amid sickness and suffering, they waited eight years for the dawn of better days. Finally, in 1765 those days came and they were released. But how these poor people had suffered! Sixty of their number had perished.

The survivors left their place of bondage; but whither should they go now? Their former homes lay in ruins. Besides, to settle in those frontier regions would be to expose themselves still further to the ravages of border warfare. They must be alone. The forests of central Pennsylvania promised rest. Through trackless woods and bridgeless swamps they journeyed, reached the banks of the Susquehanna and once more began the building of new homes. A town was laid out, and they called it Friedenhutten. Peace at last had come to bless them and they were made to prosper according to the days wherein they had seen evil. The town grew both in number and influence, and neighboring villages were blessed for their sakes.

We must here leave Christian Rauch and his people to note the career of a man who more than any other deserves a prominent place in the history of Moravian missions. His name is David Zeisberger. He first comes into view as an independent laborer among the Indians in 1767. His missionary work before

this time had been in connection with other missionaries as interpreter and assistant teacher. Yet he had already met with many and varied experiences. He had been one of the gallant band who attempted to bring the Gospel to the Creeks in Georgia; with them he had been forced to flee from this province and had come to Bethlehem. He had been arrested and put in prison on a fake charge of treason; and had suffered exile and insult at the hands of unscrupulous men for his religious convictions and his love for the Indians. He had met and conversed with many of the great kings and chieftains of the Indians and had at this time become very proficient in the Delaware dialect.

He was, therefore, eminently adapted to the great work of Indian missions.

Now he was already passed middle age, his hair was already tinged with gray; but his strength and courage were yet unabated. Nay more, he was just come to his full strength. His soul was on fire, and with youthful zeal and earnestness he pushed forward into the thickest of the fight where the armies of God struggle hand to hand with the forces of darkness.

In 1767 he began a series of missionary journeys. Missionary enterprise up to this time had not extended farther west than to the Susquehanna. Zeisberger pushed it to the extreme boundaries of Pennsylvania and even beyond into Ohio. He visited the Delaware tribes along the Allegany river—a proud and warlike people. Here he preached at different times during three years and in spite of opposition and violence the Word of God took effect. A small settlement was commenced and several were baptized.

But the Macedonian call came to go still farther west. Zeisberger went into Ohio. Along the Muskingum river dwelt the LeniLapi, a weak but intelligent tribe. They were very susceptible to Christian influences. Zeisberger visited them on their own invitation. They were much affected by his preaching and within four years three flourishing towns were built, numbering together 414 Christian Indians. From these beginnings we can see what, but for the Revolutionary war which in the meantime broke out, this gallant soldier of the Cross, with God's help might have done for these people.

The war frustrated Zeisberger's fondest hopes. The Christian Indians, conforming to Moravian beliefs, were non-combatant, and this made them suspected by the whites and hated by their pagan brethern. They were transported to the Sandusky river near lake Erie by the British General, where on starving rations they were doomed to prolong their weary existence as prisoners of war. A part of them, being permitted to return to their old homes, was treacherously murdered to a man. Thus once more were the lamp and light of the Gospel sadly extinguished and the hopeful beginnings of civilization blasted.

From these disasters the missions never fully recovered. Altho Zeisberger continued to work among them, altho he afterwards even obtained a government grant of land in Ohio where they might settle in safety, he never regained the influence and foothold he had before the war. Their day of power was past. The Indians from now on were a dying race. They passed away before the growing civilization of the East as snow before the summer sun.

There is one more heroic figure to notice. His name is David Brainerd. In him we meet once more the work and spirit of the Puritans which we left with John Sergeant. The complete self-devotion and the almost dramatic interest of his short but glorious career, make his life at once an inspiration and an object lesson of missionary effort for all times. David Brainerd, was a hero. Altho physically weak and ailing, he underwent hardships and privations of which the strongest of men would scarcely seem capable. Altho mentally timid and faint hearted, he encountered dangers and discouragements which might well have caused a brave man to tremble. He had that faith which could remove mountains of opposition. Thus supported he was able to overcome the world when living, and bid defiance to the grave when dying. "To all, whose hearts beat with similar aspirations, his example says 'Never despair.'"

He commenced his career in 1743 at Kaunaumuck in eastern New York. Being unable to speak the Indian language, he was compelled to avail himself of the use of an interpreter. In this way he managed to superintend an English school and to impart religious instruction to both old and young. He threw himself heart and soul into the work. His self-denial was complete. He wrote in his journal:—"I live poorly with regard to the comforts of this life; most of my diet consists of boiled corn, pastry, pudding etc. . . . I lodge in a bundle of straw." And all this was coupled with sickness and a depressing melancholy of spirit. But nothing could make him waver in his devotion to the work among the Indians. After laboring at Kaunaumuck for somewhat more than a year, he was called to the Forks of the Delaware. His old congregation was left in charge of John Sergeant, while he himself set out to explore new regions, and make new conquests for Christ.

Mr. Brainerd's new field of labor was a large and difficult one. Himself a weak, sickly man, he came to a people not only widely scattered, but also much prejudiced against the whites and their civilization. The Indians knew the whites only as tradesmen and soldiers, and they judged of whitemen's religion by whitemen's deeds. Besides this, Brainerd depended for every word he exchanged with these people upon an interpreter. How overwhelming the odds against him. Yet we see him start out boldly. His strength was in the name of the Lord. He began

his labors at Crosswicks in New Jersey and on his first visit a congregation was established. On his second, such a spiritual awakening was manifest among the Indians that they flocked in large numbers to his meetings, some of them coming eighty miles away. The inquiry after things spiritual became general. Congregations were established at the Forks of the Delaware and at Cranbury. Many became converted to the Christian religion and were baptized. If ever it was visibly true, it was here: "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Indeed. "God had chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty."

But the magnitude of the work was too much for Brainerd's weak constitution. The constant travelling, through pathless forests and swollen streams, told heavily on his poor health. He made a last journey to the Susquehanna. He came back, his health completely broken. He was compelled to leave the work he loved. He went to Boston, was there taken care of by his affianced bride, was afterwards removed to the house of Jonathan Edwards, where in Oct. 9, 1747, he died, longing for the rest that remained for the people of God. Such was the short but glorious career of David Brainerd, rightly called the Apostle to the Indians. His labors, altho cut off in the prime of his life, nevertheless left a trail of light behind him, the influence of which has endured to the present day.

We might now relate the further history of these missions—how John Brainerd succeeded his brother David, how thirty-six years later he himself was succeeded by Daniel Simmons, a converted Indian and how finally in the beginning of the next century the whole tribe was removed to Connecticut, but space forbids. Two more names need to be mentioned—Rev. E. Wheelock and Samson Occum. The former was founder of an Indian school at Lebanon, Ct., which in the early years of its existence, did much to educate and enlighten the Indians of that region. The latter was a graduate of Wheelock's school and was favorably known both in England and America as a devoted and successful missionary among his own kinsmen. With this the pioneer missionary work among the Indians during the eighteenth century has been briefly told.

It was a century of conflict. The scourge of war scarcely at any time departed from the land. The whiteman's greed and the red-man's vindictiveness kept the fires of war and turmoil smouldering constantly. Is it a wonder that missionary work among the Indians made so little progress during this time? Nay, we might better ask, is it not a wonder that so much was done? Truly, the work of the missionary was an unrequited struggle—a struggle against Indian prejudice and against whitemen's avarice.

And yet what a glorious record did they make. Can Chris-

tian missions point to more heroic achievements than those among the American Indians? Think of the New England Puritans, John Sergeant and David Brainerd. They despised their own comforts, they voluntarily accepted exile from home and kindred, they went to live and die among a savage people, they actually sacrificed themselves that they might bring the Gospel of love where hitherto only the gospel of bullets had been known. And what of the Moravians? Like partridges on the mountains were they hunted, persecuted from place to place, harassed by blind partisanship and cold-hearted commercialism; yet they clung to the feeble remnant of converts who escaped the scalping knife of the savage red-man and the merciless white-man. Zeisberger baptized men who had once lifted the tomahawk to slay him. Yet, notwithstanding all their hardships and privations, they made the primitive forests of Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio ring with hymns of praise. Verily, an heroic band.

But what did all this avail the poor Indians? Sad, indeed, is their story. As a race they have withered from the land. For the Indian the Mayflower bore seeds both of life and death. The former were planted and after a feeble growth, soon withered away. The latter became luxuriant and filled the whole land with their foliage. The Indian was consumed by the white man's aggressiveness before the white man's religion could reach him. Whatever feeble remnants there remain, of the once powerful tribes of America, such as they are, Christian missions have preserved them.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

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Meliphone Anniversary.

The final examinations were hardly over when the Meliphonians could be seen busily engaged in making the final preparations for the forty-fourth anniversary of the Society. This is always a great event in its history, and is looked forward to with the greatest expectation. We can safely say that the program of this year compares favorably with those of previous years. The program was as follows.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|--------------------|
| 1. Solo—Opus 19 | T. Welmers. | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Invocation. | | |
| 3. Open Address of Welcome | Pres. H. Naberhuis. | |
| 4. Declamation | Faurier Stebbins at a Football | W. De Bruyn. |
| 5. Oration | The Savior of Rome | A. J. Muste. |
| 6. Soliloquy | | C. Stillman. |
| 7. Solo | All for You | Guy d' Hordelot. |
| | Miss Amy Dosker. | |
| 8. The Divine Thought in Creation | | A. C. Dykema. |
| 9. Declamation | Gone with a Handsomer Man | M. Stegeman. |
| 10. Master Oration | The Tripod and the Kodak; or Education, What and Why? | Rev. Van der Erve. |
| 11. Journal | | B. Masselink. |

In the president's address of welcome there was evident a tone of relief and pride that the historic old Meliphone was making its annual appearance before the public in all its old time independence. He succeeded in leaving the impression that last year's conjunction with the L. L. L. was a wanton violation of tradition.

Mr. De Bruyn delivered his oration in a manner that showed he had imbibed the spirit of the piece as well as the game. Mr. Muste showed that he had read considerable history on his subject. He was somewhat biased in his treatment, but reflected honor upon himself and the society. Mr. Stillman's soliloquy was rendered in a pleasing, natural way. Miss Amy Dosker pleased her audience so that a hearty encore was given. A. C. Dykema did credit to himself but was somewhat unfortunate in the selection of his subject. His thought and style were good. The declamation, "Gone with a Handsomer Man," was amusing and a good effort. The Rev. J. Van der Erve's Master Oration was certainly original and up-to-date. The supports of the tripod were represented as the three phrases of education—the heart, the intellect, and the body. The impressions made on the kodak were likened to the impressions made on character by our thoughts, actions and environments. The orator made a powerful plea for an education which prepares for "complete living." The need of a school's turning out thinkers rather than scholars was forcibly emphasized; and the difference between a scholar and a thinker strongly drawn. Some statements were thought too radical, resting on a questionable, pedagogical basis. But Mr. Van der Erve made everyone listen and think.

Mr. Masselink read the ever-censuring and welcome journal in a taking manner. Ben. has the right way of dishing out jokes, hints and reproofs.

x x x

Baccalaureate.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached Sunday evening, June 16, in the college chapel by the Rev. J. G. Gebhard, secretary of the Board of Education of the Reformed Church. He chose his text from Matt. 12, 12. "Of how much more value are ye than a sheep?" In keeping with his text he compared man with the lower animals, physically, mentally and morally. The animal may have one or several physical parts more highly developed than man, as the eagle the eye, the horse, fleetness of foot; but should the lower animal with his present physical development be endowed with man's mind he would still be far inferior to man because the proper arrangement and uniform development of all parts would still be lacking. Then the animal

has no mental history and has made no developement by any mental processes. Where the faculty of thinking becomes unnecessary to a man it loses its power, and man becomes a machine. Our present industrial systems have a tendency to produce this effect on the laboring man. The animal knows no moral obligation. It obeys its master, even learns to do some useful things, but it is not brought about by a moral developement.

Mr. Gebhard then made a personal address to the class requesting them to rise. He called to mind the significance of the word sheep and for what the sheep stood in Oriental lands. The sheep designated wealth among the ancients. The text might now read, "Of how much more value are you than earthly store?" A sheep is worth what it will bring in dollars and cents; but the man who lives up to his possibilities shall grow in all that makes the perfect man fulfilling the Divine purpose.

Other interesting features of the evening were the fine music rendered by the popular male quartet accompanied by Miss Grace Yates, the solo by Dr. Gilmore and the mixed quartet in which Holland's best musical talent was represented. Dr. Kollen called attention to the happy coincidence of the opening of a splendid night blooming cereus and the seniors just looking out upon the world.

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The "A" Class Exercises.

That the exercises of the graduating class of the preparatory department are well maintaining, if not increasing in popularity, was again demonstrated by the crowded house which greeted the "A" class Monday afternoon. The class of '01, certainly deserve all the bountiful praise bestowed upon them for the excellent program which with the assistance of Mrs. G. J. Diekema and the college Orchestra, entertained the public. The program contained the two elements that ensure success, entertainment and the exhibition of high grade capabilities.

The class was ushered to the platform while one of their number played the march. Miss Weston is a skillful pianist and she gave an excellent rendition of one of Paderewski's minuets. After the invocation by the Rev. H. Karsten and a few remarks by Prof. Bergen, expressed in his usually happy way, the program continued in the following order:

Class History.....	Daniel G. Verwey.
Recitation—Origin of Roast Pig.....	Charles Lamb. John Douma.
Music—Overture—"Pastime".....	Laurendeau. Hope College Orchestra.
Recitation—The Women's Crusade.....	Eugene Hall. Miss Coba Van Farowe.

Soliloquy.....	Benj. H. Masselink.
Class Poem—The Battle of Spionkop.....	Martin Ruisaard.
Music—"Happy Days".....	Strelezki. Mrs. G. J. Diekema. (Violin Obligato, Mr. Wm. Breyman.)
Recitation—Papa's Letter.....	Miss Lottie M. Hoyt.
Class Oration—Revelations of Heart Life.....	Simon Blocker.
Music—Minuet.....	Paderewski. Miss Edith K. Weston.
Recitation—Che Chariot Race	Lew Wallace. Jacob Pelgrim.
Class Prophecy.....	Henry A. Naberhuis.
Music—"Clere Amie".....	Musgrave. Hope College Orchestra.

It is difficult to distinguish between the good and the better among so much that is really excellent. The declaimers chose their selections with care and taste. Miss Van Farrowe made us all believe in the woman's crusade for the time. Her enunciation and naturalness were exceptionally fine. Miss Hoyt earned the storm of applause she received. The little joys of childhood, the deep pathos of the piece were beautifully interpreted by her winning voice and sympathetic face. J. Douma caught the subtle humor of Lamb in the story of Roast Pig. J. Pelgrim came in for his share of honors as a declaimer. The piece was one of the best that he could have chosen for himself and the occasion. The way he held his audience by the graphic description of Ben Hur's chariot race would do credit to any public speaker. Mr. Pelgrim has a bright future awaiting him as a public speaker. His excellent voice, noble poise and magnetic delivery must always please and win.

Of the original work the class history and prophecy were most entertaining, while the poem and oration were especially strong productions which showed the ability of the respective writers. The class history was unique both in plan and execution for which Mr. Verwey deserves much credit. The prophecy was interesting. The method of making the members appear strong where their greatest failings lay, was frequently resorted to and caused considerable amusement. We would advise that those whose future pathway was predicted destitute of roses, should not take the matter too much to heart. After all he may have been a false prophet. The oration was characteristic of the writer. It was a production of much thought both original and practical. The speaker however was somewhat overbearing in his delivery and lacked facial expression. The poem was a noble effort and a grand success. It ranks among the best ever written for a like occasion at Hope. The soliloquy was strong and entertaining but was over dramatized. The class of '01 has set a pace that succeeding classes will find no easy one to beat.

Ulfilas.

On Monday evening the Ulfilas Club again appeared in public. Until last year, when no programme was given, none of its members knew how much the public appreciates the entertainment of the club. But spurred on with renewed vigor and energy, the club showed the public this year that "Old Ulfilas" is not dead but living.

Miss Van der Ploeg played a march as the members entered the chapel. Mr. J. Wesselink, the president, welcomed the audience with some happy and well chosen remarks.

Among the new features was the appearance of the Hope College Orchestra. The young men deserve praise for the excellent music they furnished during the evening. Mr. Wm. Breyman is to be congratulated for training the young men to such a high degree of perfection. J. Van der Naald delivered a declamation entitled, "Hot Shot March." It was a very pathetic piece, but he delivered it well. A quartet then rendered a selection, "Mijn Vaderland," which was well received. Mr. J. Van der Beek delivered an oration on the subject, "De Dichtkunst." It was a good effort, and showed much study and preparation. A declamation was then delivered by J. Van Peursen. "Hondentrouw." The speaker did justice to himself as well as to the selection. The audience was one more favored with a selection by the orchestra, after which the scenery was changed. A dialogue in which there were eight characters, was then presented. This was the main feature of the evening. The subject was, "Op het Boeren Kommando." The audience and the various speakers were in fullest sympathy. The subject, the occasion, and the speakers had met, and the result was a grand success.

Everyone present felt that this year's entertainment was in no way inferior to any the club had ever furnished; and in many respects superior to several. Every member felt proud of being a member of the society. May Ulfilas prosper next year as it has during the past year!

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Alumni Reunion.

The Alumni Association gave its annual program in Winants Chapel on Tuesday evening, June 18. The numbers were as follows:

Choruses—

- a Alumni Song of '87.....H. E. Dosker, D. D.
- b O Italia BelovedDonizetti.
- c Alumni Song of '85.....Prof. W. A. Shields.
- d College Yell—
- e Praise ye the Father.....Gounod

Choral Union

Invocation—

Oration—Aim of a Higher Education.....Rev. A. H. Huizenga, Ph. D.

Music—Tubal Cain.....Harris.

Mr. A. T. Brook.

Address—The New Alumni.....Rev. J. G. Gebhard, Sec. B'd Ed. B. C. A.

Music—Silent Night.....Nerva.

Mrs. G. J. Diekema and Mr. J. B. Nykerk.

Chronicles.....Rev. Jacob Poppen, Ph. D.

Music—"Onaway, Awake, Beloved," from Hiawatha's Wedding

Feast.....Coleridge-Taylor.

Mr. G. J. Dinkeloo.

Welcome to New Members.

Doxology.

The oration of the Rev. A. H. Huizenga was an instructive and masterly address. A few thoughts from it are here given. Some claim, the aim of higher education is, to produce scholarly men, and some to impart mental discipline. Mr. Huizenga advanced the broader, deeper view, that the object of higher education is to promote the growth and expansion of a noble character which shall add to the magnitude, efficiency and joyfulness of life. The poets have given us the best law of growth. Three laws of the progress of the soul were set forth. 'The growth of the intellect and will in themselves and not thro environments.' The question still remains, are the men of the present age better than the men of previous centuries? 'A second law is that of correspondence and proportion, a proper balancing of intellectual and physical education.' The third law stated is the law of 'altruistic progress.' Every atom, every bit of progress should be unselfish. The speaker said he did not agree with the poet who said, "They fail who have not striven." It is rather, they fail who have not succeeded in arousing others. The ideal man and his ideal must not be limited to one end and aim, but to a universal progress. The whole discourse was illustrated by apt and well known examples.

The Rev. J. G. Gebhard's address was listened to with great interest. He spoke in an easy, conversational style. His plain outspoken thoughts were abundantly interspersed with happy, witty sayings. He especially emphasized the thought that we youngsters should not be lingering for the good old time of our fathers, nor to be asking why they were better than our own. They made their good times. We are to see to it that we make the best of ours.

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Commencement.

The exercises of the week culminated in program of Wednesday evening, June 19. Another class of Hope's graduates have reached that stage in their life's course where individual interests

demand a separation and a choosing of new paths, but they go not unprepared. Each has looked forward to this eventful time, equipping and provisioning himself according to the needs that may arise. Some will seek to train the youth in our schools and colleges; some will grapple with the laws and physical forces of nature; some will expound the Word and the law; others will wield the surgeon's knife and still others will till the soil or deal in the commodities of life. Wherever you go and whatever your vocation may be, our elder brothers, we undergraduates wish you success and joy; and when in the coming days from your attained vantage ground you look down and see your younger brothers spreading their untried pinions to launch from under the paternal eaves, may the recollections of this your own life's actual commencement, move you to send a note of encouragement, sympathy and welcome. The following excellent program was carried out.

Invocation.

Music—"Is not Thy Word like a Fire?" (from the "Elijah"), Mendelssohn
Prof. J. B. Nykerk.

Oration—"Holland and her Influence in America".....Albert Hoeksema.

Oration—"The Ideal of our Public School".....Egbert Winter.

Music—Flute Solo—"The Silver Rhine".....Hutchinson.
John H. Hospers.

Oration—"The Germans in America".....Wilbert Denekas.

Oration—"The American Soldier".....William J. Damson.

Music—*a* "Mammy's L'il Boy".....J. S. Parks.

b "Spin, Spin".....H. Juengst.

College Male Quartet.

Oration—"Beyond the Mississippi".....John Wesselink.

Oration—"Our Denominational College".....James Wayer.

Music—"Rondo Capriccioso".....Mendelssohn.
Miss Amy M. Yates.

Presentation of Certificates to the Graduating Class of the Preparatory Department.

Conferring of Degrees—A. B., upon the Class of 1901. Honorary Degrees.

Awarding of Prizes.

Music—Cavation (from "Carmen").....Bizet.
Miss Grace W. Yates.

Valedictory.....John G. Winter.

Doxology and Benediction.

The orations were all intensely practical. Each orator had a subject into which he could throw his whole personality and conviction. Each knew whereof he was speaking and carried his listeners with him. It would require too much time and space to outline the orations. Suffice it to say that each speaker had perfect self-control both of his thought and delivery.

The Valedictory by J. G. Winter was a masterpiece. His commanding presence, finely modulated voice together with his rare eloquence and deep earnestness cast a profound spell over

the audience. His address to the public was vigorous. To the council he was reverential and appreciative; to the faculty ardent and grateful. But it was in his address to his classmates that the speaker touched the hearts of his hearers most deeply. Every one was made to feel that the ties of college fellowship are more than the temporal congregations of a score of young people happy, noisy and mischievous in this heyday of their lives. A deep, serious, striving nature lay beneath the ruffles of the surface. The address was inspiring, hopeful and aspiring.

And right here a word of praise must be given to the various musicians both vocal and instrumental who graced the closing exercises of this school year. Seldom has Hope had better music at its public entertainments than this year. The male and mixed quartets, the solos, the Choral Union and the Orchestra deserve much praise. We are lavish with our praise but we think all of it is well merited by all.

The announcements of prize winners are always looked forward to with interest.

The Van Vechten Foreign Mission prize of \$25 on the subject *Missions among the American Indians in the Eighteenth Century*, was awarded to John Wesselink of the Senior Class.

The George Birkhoff, Jr., prize of \$25 for the best paper from the Sophomore Class on the subject: *English Prose of the Restoration*, was awarded to Edward J. Strick.

The George Birkhoff, Jr., prize of \$25 for the best essay on Dutch Literature in the Freshmen Class, on the subject: *Dutch Literature from 1550 to 1600*, was equally divided between Miss Alice Kollen and John Van Zomeren.

The Henry Bosch prizes \$15 and \$10 for the two best examinations of *English Grammar and Orthography*, in the "C" class, were awarded to Miss Kate Veltman and Harry Vis, respectively.

The Degree of A. B. and a teacher's State certificate were given to W. J. Damson, W. Denekas, A. Hoeksema, G. H. Korteling, J. Steunenbergh, H. Tellman, J. J. Weersing, J. Wesselink, E. Winter, J. G. Winter.

The Degree of A. B. was also conferred upon J. H. Hospers, J. Wayer, J. Van der Heide, O. W. Visscher.

B. J. Lugers, taking a special course, was given a statement of work done.

The Degree of A. M. was conferred upon the class of '98.

The honorary Degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Hon. Theo. Roosevelt; that of D. D. upon the Rev. S. Zwemer, missionary to Arabia; and A. M. upon Messrs. G. Baert, M. D., of Grand Rapids, and T. G. Huizenga, M. D., of Zeeland, Mich.

EDITORIALS.

The Small College.

The following is taken from the Targum of Rutgers College. It may be interesting to some of our readers to compare this idea of the work of the small college with their own. The editor does not set it forth as his idea but simply as a one of many held by different individuals regarding the small college, its aim, work and existence:

"In the June *Atlantic*, Mr. Herbert W. Horwill describes the functions of a small college in an admirable manner, and sets forth its proper work. He says:

"Its clear aim must be to cultivate the intellect and character, rather than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge respecting the crustacea or the Greek particles or to make the graduation of its students synchronize with their qualification as lawyers or physicians. Accordingly, it will not endeavor to transform itself into either a miniature university or a miniature polytechnic. It will meet the demands of the new century, not by extending its curriculum, but by compressing it. It will increase by decreasing. It will not need to wait for a richer endowment that it may continue and heighten its patriotic service, but it will turn its present revenues to more concentrated and efficient uses. Unless it is exceptionally wealthy it will not spend much money upon buildings; it will put every available dollar into the quality of its teaching. It will be content with a much smaller list of names on its register than is now commonly considered necessary for a respectable institution, but it will employ such matriculation tests as will insure that its energies will not be wasted in the attempt to give a higher education to men who are lacking either in the capacity or in the preparation required to profit by it. It will have the courage to reduce by one-half the number of its courses and to abolish several of its chairs, giving more adequate remuneration to the professors that remain. It will thus make the work of its staff more thorough and more permanent. Teachers of the highest quality will then find within its walls ample scope for a life career. In a word, what is needed that the tree may bear richer fruit is not the outgrowth of more branches, but the application of the pruning knife."

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More Public Speaking.

We have before suggested that the societies give one or more public entertainments during the school year. If agitation is to accomplish anything, we are willing to agitate, and agitate, and agitate; but we want the students to do some hard thinking and planning in the meantime. Now every com-

mencement week shows plainly that our lower class students need greater ease and freedom before a strange audience. We can support a declaiming club and a debating society with interest and profit, and more than that, we need them bad. Let's put our heads together and do something.

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The Old and the New Gymnasium.

The new gymnasium seems to be on the way. Its arrival can be none to soon. The old one can no longer sustain the dignity of the name. In fact the name never did become it. Moved aside to some out-of-the-way place on the campus, it might be suffered to stand for a decade or so as a barn in which our rural students might stable their horses. We sincerely hope that the committee in charge of the Gym. fund will thoroughly inspect the old shell in consultation with some competent physical instructor, before making alterations or improvements, lest the movement turn out a case of sewing a new piece in an old garment and the rent be worse than before.

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The "Gym-Fet."

Last year's lawn-fete was a success; the "gym"-fete of this year was a success in the comparative degree. When on Tuesday afternoon threatening clouds began to appear in the sky, both the expectant entertainers and the guests looked at these rain-boding signs with heavy hearts, not knowing that they were a blessing in disguise. The gymnasium then was chosen as the scene of the fete. After the dreariness and dampness out-doors, the guests were welcomed by their beaming young hostesses to a cheery, artistically decorated hall, with but little to remind one of a gymnasium. With the aid of an arc light and numerous Japanese lanterns, orange and blue bunting all along the gallery, the tables, daintily decorated with ferns and flowers, the old gymnasium presented the appearance of a palace in fairy-land. The council, alumni, faculty, students, and old members of the L. L. L. had been invited and about two hundred guests were present. Under the sweet strains produced by the College Orchestra which was seated in a corner of the gallery, the guests partook of the dainty refreshments and talked of old times. The music was a pleasant innovation and it is by request of the L. L. L. that the ANCHOR extends thanks and congratulations to the Orchestra for their part in the success of the evening. Also to all the students, who so kindly helped them in the preparations for the fete, the girls of the L. L. L. extend their heartfelt thanks.

The "gym"-fete will long be remembered by all who were present. All hope that the Ladies Literary League will not de-

part from the precedent now so firmly established, for they feel that this evening, if any is a reunion of old friends and a bond between the alumni and the students. The ANCHOR, therefore, in behalf of all the students, extends to the young ladies its hearty thanks and appreciation; no one will forget the hospitality of the L. L. L.

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While We Recreate.

We regret that the students do not identify themselves more willingly with THE ANCHOR. We do not complain of a lack of interest but there seems to be a reserved feeling of modesty prevalent about having ones name in print. We have experienced no difficulty in securing contributions when these have been solicited, but it would be much easier for the editors if more articles were submitted voluntarily. If THE ANCHOR is to stand for student life at Hope let us all show that our existence here is a part of that life. Let's talk, think and sing thro the columns of THE ANCHOR. This summer will bring many good times and thrilling experiences. Look about you for new things in nature as you see it in people about you. Study science without a text book in nature's complete laboratory. Read fiction that needs no argument or table of contents. And surely from this store of newly acquired knowledge you will be able to contribute to THE ANCHOR something helpful and interesting.

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Athletics.

Hope may well feel proud of her base ball team. The past year has been a sensational one for athletics at Hope. We have played more games and met stronger teams than any in the past ten years. We have held our own with Holland's fast team. We showed the Grand Rapids High School boys that they can do no white washing here. We may not criticise the game which the visiting team from Grand Rapids put up here too severely. The boys may have had an off day. We should like to see a series of three games arranged with the G. R. H. S. next year however, which would be a safer way of deciding the comparative strength of both teams.

Perhaps the greatest interest ever shown in base ball at Hope was in the Zeeland-Hope series. Zeeland took us when we were but half in shape and won her first two games from us. The first of these was won by their hard work and superior playing. The second was a credit to neither team. Hope started in the lead but when Huizie's arm lamed, it ended in a batters' practice game. These two games were the extent of our defeats. When we rallied we were too much for Zeeland. They lost the

next three games of the series without the slightest prospect of winning. We shall look forward to a repetition of this series in the future.

Of the class games the "B" class claims the championship among the "Prep's". The decisive game for class championship in the College department between the Juniors and Sophomores never came off.

On June 11th the Basquette club played a good game of basket ball before a crowd of admiring witnesses. After all the cold weather the day selected for the game proved to be an exceedingly warm one; this fact and lack of practice were great hindrances to strenuous play. Nevertheless the girls tried their best. The score was sixteen to six in favor of the "blacks". The last term, only this one game was played, but the first two terms considerable interest was shown by all the members of the Basquette club. But only about half the girls joined; why not all? Athletics is just as necessary for girls as for boys. The absorbing interest in basket ball, without a thought of lessons is very beneficial for a hard working and tired mind. Let an increased number of girls play next year and let not this important factor of college life be dropped from lack of interest.

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Among the Societies

FRATERNAL.

The F. S. spent its last evening of the school year in an enjoyable manner. It was a jollyfication meeting both in name and spirit. Brower and De Kleine were at their best as entertainers. Mark Twain and Bill Nye certainly would find jolly company in our humorists. It is just such gatherings at the end of each term's vigorous work that strengthen the bonds of fraternal good-fellowship. Let us have more of it. The old F. S. may sometimes get a little drowsy, but when he wakes he is all the better for the nap. And it does not take much to rouse him either. Fraternalites, let's take a long rest and be fully awake for the business, laurels and pleasures the good old name has always brought. Seven of our senior members have left their photos in our keeping till some greater hall of fame shall claim them.

THE LADIES LITERARY LEAGUE.

The L. L. L. held its last meeting of this term on June 7, 1901. On that occasion the following officers were elected for the first term of the coming school year:

President—Lottie M. Hoyt.

Vice President—Anna Riemens.

Secretary—Minnie Riksen.

Treasurer—Alice Keppel.

Sergeant-at-arms—Minnie Van der Ploeg.

THE COSMOPOLITANS.

In spite of the many temptations of the pleasant spring weather, society work in the Cosmopolitan Literary Society has flourished throughout the spring term. The work was at all times seasoned with pleasure and, much in harmony with the beauties of spring time, considerable care has been taken by our program committee to present subjects for discussion in the line of poetry and painting. The last meeting was held on June 7, on which occasion the following officers were elected for the coming term:

President—B. Bruins.

Vice President—N. E. Hessenius.

Secretary and Treasurer—K. Baarman.

Sergeant-at-arms—G. Labberton.

THE Y. W. C. A.

The weekly prayermeetings of the Y. W. C. A. have grown in interest and attendance. Our association had a treat the last month in the visit of Miss Helen Lockwood, State Secretary for college work. On the afternoon of May 23, a reception was tendered her which was largely attended by college girls. In the evening Miss Lockwood addressed a union meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Her solos were particularly appreciated. As a result of her visit we hope to send two delegates to the Lake Geneva conference this summer.

On June 6, Dr. Kollen addressed the meeting on the subject: "Silent Influences."

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De Alumnis.

The Degree of Ph. D. has been given to John De Vries '96, of Clark University.

On account of ill health Dr. Heeren has been compelled to give up a flourishing practice at Marionette to seek recreation in Colorado.

A. Klerk of the Seminary has accepted the call extended to him from Greenleaf, Minn.

Rev. Veldman '92 has been installed in his new charge at Milwaukee.

Rev. Dykhuizen '95 and family of Carmel, Ia., have been visiting relatives in vicinity.

The First Reformed church of Pella, Ia., has extended a call to Rev. W. J. Van Kersen to fill the vacancy left by Rev. Veldman.

Rev. Henry Bruins '95 and Miss Mary Huizinga were united in marriage at the home of the bride in this city recently.

Messrs. Kuiper and Banninga of the Seminary have been examined and given license to preach.

College Jottings.

"Bah! Bah! Black sheep."

"Not good bye but farewell."

Ho, for the Expo., Pan-American. See you out there?

Zeeland no longer boasts of a base ball team. They used to do that.

Miss Ida Larkins of Traverse City and Miss Antonette Boer of Chicago are making "Lottie" a commencement visit.

Labberton and Van der Naalt expect to make the trip to their Iowa homes awhile. Success and a pleasant journey to you.

Lugers at Reed's Lake—"Goldfish! gee! I thought they were sliced carrots!"

Doc does the pitching and Moerdyke the catching.

Heard on the Campus—"Well, well, well"—"Haven't seen you fer"—"What are you doing now?"—"D'y remember when old prof." etc.—Say, call on me if you ever happen"—Married! Go on," etc. etc.

Scene—electric car.

Enter Mae, Huizy; Edith and Jimmy. (Much joy).

Three blocks further enter Stanton and Miss—

Tableaux and sudden drop of the barometer.

At the Ulfilas show—Eddie Kr—mr, some girls, a mud-turtle and Dr. K—l—n. Result—a "bloomin' serious" pow-wow.

Among ye visiting, erstwhile Hopeites: Andy Wagemaker, H. Steketee, Den Herder, James Dykema, J. Van Ess. M. Stormzand. A. T. Brook and Dinkeloo. It truly maketh the heart glad.

At the Meliphone Bust Dominie and Stegeman had a falling out (of the boat). The two spent much time in the golden sunlight "drying up" but there was no "drying up" about it on the part of the other boys and Domie was sorely afflicted,

The College "Orkest," dreamy, waltzy music, lovely waitresses, juggling trays, punch bowl, alumni, profs. and students,—the component parts of the lawn fete.

The Largest Lot and Most Varied Assortment of

BATH SPONGES

In the City.

CON DE PREE'S DRUG STORE.

It don't cost much to keep clean and 'tis so much cooler.

Pointer to ladies—A girl was arrested the other day for putting her hat pin into an old sailor. Beware and do thou not likewise.

Van Dyke does your father live yet?
No not yet!

The matron asked the maid to simply see her letter saying that she would put batting in her ears to prevent her from hearing what she read. The simple maid consented.

Moerdyk suggests a new game, "d(o)ck on the rock"; but Doc objects.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these:
"She might have Ben—if she chose.

Masselink should not become a surveyor for he is so IRONICAL that he will deviate the needle.

"The tale of the shirt" a tragic play of one act issued by the Meliphone Society. All remunerations shall be given to the chief character of the play, Geo. Hankamp, to assist in paying for the laundry of his shirt which was unstarched while he was so heroically making a name and a place for himself in the columns of History.

Proverbs by Prof. Yntema:

A fire in the house is worth two in your neighbors.

Nothing succeeds like a failure.

A penny spent is a penny wasted.

The longer you live the more it costs you.

The bigger the fire the more the insurance.

Rev. A. A. Wubben by request.

Dr. Baker '73 from Chicago visited his old room in Van Vleck while here during commencement.

**STUDENTS
ATTENTION.**

BOOK CASES, BED SPRINGS, MATTRESSES, CARPETS, MATTING, or anything you may need to fit out your room. Call at **Jas. A. Brouwer,** 212-214 RIVER STREET.

The Largest Furnishing House in Ottawa County.

Mr. De Cook, contrary to the accepted idea, claims that Solomon was not rich for says he, the Bible says "and Solomon slept with his fathers." Now if he had been rich he would have had a bed all to himself.

Steunenbergh says that when he practices law he will make it a specialty to be a CROSS EXAMINER.

Prof. Bergen denounces woman's suffrage in a mild way: "Let her stick to her bread and tend to her dough." Naturally she will not take up arms against this last clause.

Rev. Gebhard expressed a doubt whether the new Alumni could hew trees as well as the old Alumni. We wish the old would show the new how; and we move that they begin at a certain obnoxious old pine in center field.

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Exchanges.

The June Olivet Echo bubbles over with exuberance. Olivet is to be congratulated in taking first place in the recent State Oratorical contest.

He who takes too many glasses will himself become a tumbler.

Keep good company and you will be one of them.—Herbert.

Hiram College Advance, a new exchange, received.

DE GRONDWET, A Holland weekly. Circulation 5,600. A first-class advertising medium throughout the U. S. Books Printed in all languages.

We are now located in the new Vander-veen block.

THE
Stern-Goldman Co.
One Price Clothiers.

LIOHAN H., Boots and Shoe Maker and Repairer. Cheap. Good work guaranteed. First Ward.

—CALL AT—
KIEKINTVELD'S
28 EAST EIGHTH ST.
—FOR—
GIFT BOOKS
—AND—
ICE-CREAM SODA.

A net, a maid,
The sun above,
Two games we played,
Result, two love.

Again we played,
This time she won.
I won the maid.
Result, two one.

—College Era.

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They were at the base ball game and the umpire had just called foul. "I don't see any feathers," she whispered. "No dear," he replied, "this is a picked nine."

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The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat
And pensively turned to mutter,
"I wish you'd turn to milk you brute."
And the animal turned to butt her.

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*

The Student Life is always replete with jolly poetry!

*
*
*

Father—"What is your favorite hymn, Clara my darling?"
Clara—"The one you chased over the fence last night papa."

We keep everything in the line of

Salt
Fresh and
Smoked **MEATS.**

The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices.

J. H. DEN HERDER,

SOUTH RIVER STREET MARKET.

*Special Attention Given to
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The July number of The Delineator has a very interesting article entitled Dante Gabriel Rossetti and "The House of Life." The series of which this article is one has been interesting throughout. It gives the domestic life of several noted authors. We advise those of our readers who have not read them to look over some back numbers of The Delineator.

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*

Owing to lack of space the June exchange column had to be omitted.

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